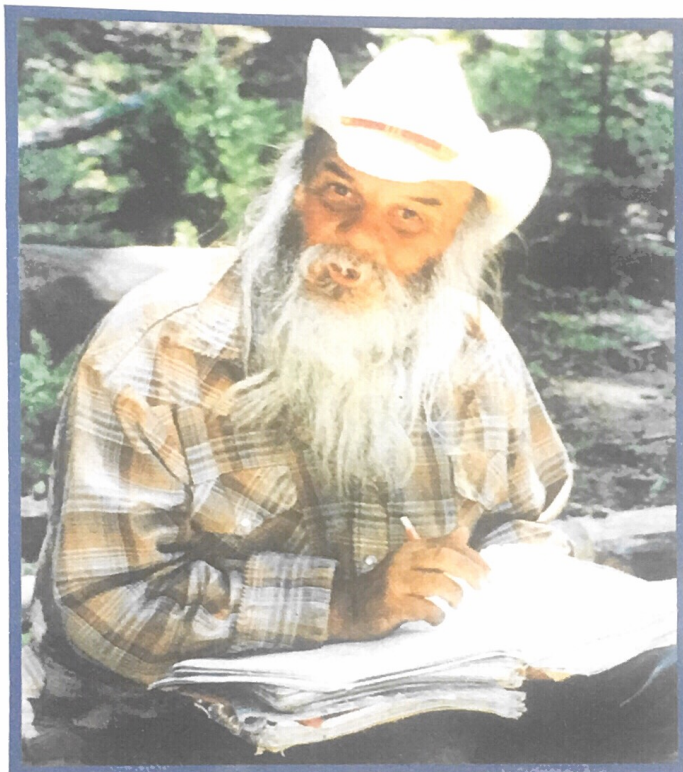
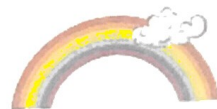




Rainbow Family

Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.*

Scanned in 2018.

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15.F JACKSON UNICORN (JACK)
- "The Gathering of the Tribes in 1968"
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that a real siddha master gives, we knew we got the real thing that we all had hoped for from Guru Maharaji.

Most of our Jihrei Fellowship went to the weekend retreats. When we resigned from the Jihrei Fellowship, we had another spiritual path to pursue. Muktananda. I went with Muktananda to Pink, Oklahoma. I returned to Boulder at four in the morning. When I tried to crawl into bed, there wasn't enough room for me. My wife was in bed with one of my best friends. They had both had an incredible spiritual experience from Muktananda.

I decided that when I threw myself at Muktananda's feet and asked him to do anything to help me evolve spiritually, he had taken everything away from me. Because we were having to leave the farm that same month.

So I went from having an important position in running a ten-acre spiritual center and having a wife and family to living in garage with no heat in the winter with no job and no money.

That spring I moved into a tipi 20 miles from Cotopaxi, Colorado. The day before I was going to live in the tipi, Stephen Gaskin and the Farm folk came through town, and put on a get-together in a band shell in the park in Boulder.

A whole bunch of freaks went to the Carnival Cafe afterwards to party down. It was a

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communal health food restaurant run by Rainbow people in Boulder. I met a beautiful sister named Valerie there. We got together that night and the next morning I told her I was leaving to move into a tipi in southern Colorado with a good friend named Michael. Valerie threw her pack in the car and came with us.

In February, '76, we left for San Miguel Allende, Mexico. Valerie had a grant to go to school there. When we got to town, we got a hotel room and went down to the Art Institute to check out the scene and plug in with anyone from the Family who might be hanging out there.

The first dude with long hair I saw was Dave Beck with (also known as Captain Kaleidoscope). He told us that he was living in a big run-down castle type dwelling on the hill overlooking town with a bunch of other Rainbow people. He told us we could live there if we wanted.

We went to the house where we met Richard and Kay and a number of other beautiful brothers and sisters. Then when Richard and I started going out doing spiritual healing for rich American ladies. We did a healing for one lady who saw visions of meadows and tipis and happy, colorful people.

She contacted her friend Rose and Rose came

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to see us. After we did the healing on Rose, she came back to the house where she wound up eating mushrooms with us. She wound up buying a 1,000 c.c. motorcycle for Richard and her to ride on for the '76 Rainbow Gathering. Actually she got a \$500 truck first, but it broke and she said, "This is stupid. I got all the money in the world. Let's buy a motorcycle."

Valerie stayed in Mexico to continue school and I split with David Beckwith and the rest of the folks for Austin. We went in the White Bird truck and all these other famous Family vehicles. We called ourselves The Carp Family because we were scavengers. We dumpster dived a lot. The carp was our clan fish. The buzzard was our clan bird.

We were hanging out in Austin trying to figure out how to get money for supplies to take to the Montana Gathering. We ran into a lady named Jenny on the street, a friend of Dave Beckwith's. She told us she had a young daughter who wasn't more than six months old. Her family was embarrassed because she was an unwed mother. Her father told her she could fix up an old Texas style homestead cabin that was on 80 acres of land that he owned. She hired us to remodel the cabin.

When we got there we found the cabin was in the middle of a virtual sea of psychedelic mushrooms. So we proceeded to attempt to

16 remodel the cabin and ingest large quantities of mushrooms at the same time.

The cabin turned out to be pretty trippy with things like a pyramid gabled skylight or a totem pole to the mushroom goddess that held up the loft. I carved it with a car sander. We had a completely glass enclosed bathroom which really freaked her father out when he came to visit and took a shit.

We called the place Paneracitas Palace, named after the paneracitas psilocybin mushroom. We were able to complete the project on schedule and dried quite a large quantity of psilocybin mushrooms to take to the gathering. Toward the end we decided not to eat mushrooms except on Sundays, so we could get more work done.

When Sunday rolled around near the summer solstice, I ate larger doses of mushrooms than usual and finding myself in a very altered state, I wandered out into the bushes. I had a powerful experience of first seeing my own life up to that point and the pain and shortcomings, the striving of my spirit for release.

Then at one point I popped through some kind of wall and felt what seemed like the pain of the whole human race flowing through me, seeing many humans were suffering and striving for light in the darkness. I started crying out for help - psychically.

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I repeated the phrase, "Please help us all!" over and over again, while envisioning every different master and divine being that I knew of. At one point I remembered the Great White Brotherhood, which immediately made me think of the space beings. As soon as I thought of them and called one more time, "Please help us all!" I felt something shift and opened my eyes.

I saw two magnificent UFO scoutcraft descending from the sky. My first thought was one of fear. These great beings had received a psychic distress message from me and they were going to be very distressed to find out it was only a stoned hippie who had eaten too many mushrooms.

The next thing I remember, I tried to dive in the bushes to hide. I did no more than scratch myself up. I then felt a great release and started to laugh and felt at ease.

The space beings took me away for about six hours and did not allow me to remember what happened while I was with them. It was ten years before the hypnotic suggestion they put on me lifted, allowing me to remember that it was not totally dark yet when they descended and it was well after midnight when I seemed to complete the thought of hiding out of fear and dove in the bushes.

Then I danced up the road to the cabin

18 feeling good and the two UFO's danced above me. I was so high when I entered the cabin that it took a while for me to get out the words, "Heavy mushrooms! Heavy UFO's!"

All the people in the cabin ran outside to look and see if they were still there. Everybody saw them. Then they took off into the night sky at an incredible rate of speed.

Then we left within a couple of days for the Montana Gathering. While there, sitting around the campfire at about two a.m. on the morning of July 1 - the official start of the gathering - within 20 minutes of relating my UFO story to friends around the fire, three brilliantly lit UFO's appeared like moving bright stars in the sky. They flew over the gathering in a perfect triangular formation. They were seen by everybody around the fire at every camp - I estimate at least 2,000 people.

We saw them at the welcome camp. Our Carp Family did Welcome Camp that year. There was ridges separating the different camps so everyone couldn't see the UFO's at once. You could tell as they reached each camp because you could hear a cheer go up - people OMing, yelling "Take me! Take me!"

I believe the space beings are here to help us

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and guide us through the transformation to fourth dimensional reality.

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After the gathering they had a bucket of money left over because Rose had supplied so much money for food they asked you how far you were going and how short you were and they supplied you out of the bucket.

A lot of us caravanned in buses to Chelan, Washington, to get work thinning apples. Many of us met at Lake Adeline, Washington, around the first part of August for what would be like a regional gathering now. The Love Family came and helped supply a lot of the food. The Love Family and the Carp Family worked together in the kitchen. Other people showed up bringing as much food as they could. Over 500 people were there and they had a very beautiful gathering.

I left before that gathering was over because I found a ride to the East Coast where I wanted to hang out at an ashram that Swami Muktananda set up in the Catskills. He was returning to India in the fall. He never returned to the states again. I was at the airport with others when he left. It was the last time any of us ever saw him - except for some people who went to India to be with him. He left this planet in 1982.

In Fall, 1976 I went to Rochester, New York to visit my parents for a while. I went to Hartford,

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Connecticut to visit a sister I met at the ashram and in December I went to Baltimore to hang out with two people I had met at the ashram - Brad and Becky. They were interested in buying land for a spiritual community.

It was there that I met Ravonna, my second wife. I moved in with her and her husband and her three kids. To make a long story short, Ravonna and I had a lot of spiritual karma destiny together. I split Baltimore in March, 1977 back to Boulder because I feared some things were causing Ravonna and her husband to split up.

In the middle of June, 1977, I left Boulder for the New Mexico Rainbow Gathering. Barry told me Don Kelsey, who had done the 1968 Gathering of the Tribes, was at the New Mexico Gathering.

I went after the gathering to the proposed Peace Village site at Velarde, New Mexico. When the scene there started to fall apart, I hitched back to Boulder. There I found a letter from Ravonna saying that she had split from her husband and was living with her children in a cabin at an ashram in the woods in Virginia.

She said she hoped I would join her. The ashram was part of a spiritual group who worked with a Hindu master. He was in India. His name was Shri Kajunga maharaja. They were into

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ancient Vedic fire ceremonies

By fall, Ravonna and I moved back to Baltimore and in spring 1978, an old friend of mine in Colorado called me and said they were buying land in the Colorado mountains to start a community. They said they needed my help. My friends in Baltimore, Brad and Becky, drove with me to Colorado to try to help with the project. It was mid-June 1978.

I hitch hiked from there to the Oregon Gathering. On my return, I re-joined some of the brothers and working on the land trip. We set up a camp in South Park, Colorado, near a saw mill where most of us worked part time. We actually ran the saw mill for the guy that owned it. I made some tipi poles and Ravonna bought a 22-foot lodge cover which she had shipped from Baltimore to me. When I had the tipi ready to go, she and her children got a ride to Colorado with a friend from Baltimore in his van.

Negotiations to buy the land failed. We moved in fall, 1978 to Bountiful, Colorado - just a store and a few trailers, that's the whole place. I got a job working on a ranch up the road from where I lived. We were there at the southern end of the San Luis Valley, near the New Mexico border, for three years. While there we had two children - Ian, born October 2, 1979, and Lucas, born April 20, 1981.

We moved to Buena Vista, Colorado. During that time, we tried to set up a community near

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Crestone, Colorado in 1982. Hanne Strong, who owned the land, was inviting many spiritual groups and religions to build communities there. They were more like normal people, but we were like us, so she didn't do it for us.

During that time we met a man from India when he came to visit a good friend of ours. His name was Dadaji - which means elder brother. Dadaji had been a God-realized being since birth. He talked way down against the big guru trip. He warned of the pitfalls of spiritual ego and power trips. He said the traditional guru-disciple relationship was greatly misunderstood by westerners. He said it was harmful to the transformation into the New Age - even in India. He himself allowed no disciples or followers in the traditional sense. He had no kind of ashram or spiritual organization. He never took money from anybody. He flew to the US to visit using his own money. This guy was higher even than Muktananda.

Ravonna and I saw him for three different summers '83, '84 and '85. We felt very blessed to be able to benefit from his spiritual power and teachings. Very few people knew of him because of his insistence on obscurity. He helped to cure us of trying to follow any gurus. This is important because not following gurus is the same thing Rainbow is doing now.

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Unfortunately the evolutionary changes Ravonna and I started to go through made our relationship start to fall apart. We split up in 1987.

I moved to Leadville, Colorado, 35 miles away. While there I worked for the Forest Service doing trail maintenance in the wilderness. I met Willow there. She had been living there with her daughter Siena and her infant daughter Gwen. I met her just before she moved back to Iowa City, Iowa, in the summer of 1988.

Then I took two weeks off from the Forest Service, starting July 1, 1989, and attended The Nevada Rainbow Gathering, which was the first national gathering I had attended in ten years. In the circle on the Fourth, I felt like I was totally reborn. I decided to never allow myself to be separated from my spiritual family again.

When I got back from the gathering, I ran into Willow again in Colorado. I fell in love with her. In September, 1989, I drove to Iowa City to visit her for two weeks. I decided to move to Iowa City to be with her.

For the first time in 20 years I am playing music in a band and Willow, who has the voice of an angel, is the lead singer. It's a very unusual band, more or less world fusion music, basic African and Caribbean roots.

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We are now having a baby. We went to the Rainbow Gatherings in '90, '91 and '92. There is now a Rainbow community in Iowa City.